

B. Tussenbroek

SUNG BY
MR. JOHN McCORMACK

I HEAR A THRUSH AT EVE

~ Serenade ~

THE WORDS BY
NELLE RICHMOND EBERHART

— ~ ~ ~ —
The Music by
CHARLES WAKEFIELD
CADMAN

Price 60 cents

E-flat (b-E)

F (c-F)

A-flat (E-a)

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I Hear a Thrush at Eve
(Serenade)

I hear a thrush at eve
Wild notes up-flinging;
Twilight and rapture weave
Snares for his singing.
Yet soars his song afar
Seeking his golden star;-
I hear a thrush at eve
Thrilling and singing.

So through the dark to thee
My song is springing;
Throbbing with ecstasy
Love notes are winging.
Lean from thy bower above,
Lean forth with eyes of love,
For through the dark to thee
My heart is singing.

Nelle Richmond Eberhart

* I Hear a Thrush at Eve

(Serenade)

NELLE RICHMOND EBERHART

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

Grazioso con anima

VOICE

PIANO *mp*

dolce cantabile

I hear a thrush at eve Wild notes up - fling - ing;

Two - light and rap - ture weave Snares for his sing - ing.

rall.

a tempo

Yet soars his song a - far *f* Seek - ing his gold - en star; _____

a tempo *f*

rit. *mf più mosso.*

I hear a thrush at eve _____ Thrill-ing and sing-ing, Sing - - - ing.

mp rit. *mf più mosso* *pp* *l.h.*

Tempo I

mp

con amore

So through the dark to thee My song is spring - ing;

Throb-bing with ec - sta - sy Love notes are wing - - ing.

rall.

rall.

a tempo Lean from thy bow'r a - bove, *f appassionata* Lean forth with eyes of love, _____

a tempo *f*

rit. For through the dark to thee _____ *mf* My heart is sing - ing,

mp rit. *mf*

p Sing - - ing! _____ *l.h.*

pp *mf*

Two New Songs by

HOWARD D. McKINNEY

The Bagpipe Man (A Characteristic Song)

In bagpipe time

The bag-pipe man came ov - er our hill When
no one knew he was an-y-where round, With a
whirl and a skirl, and a toot and a trill; And we

In character, briskly

Price 60 cents

The bagpipe man came over our hill
When no one knew he was anywhere round,
With a whirl and a skirl, and a toot and a trill;
And we all went scamp'ring after the sound.
We cried, "Oh, tell us, what do you play?
What do you play so queer, so queer?"
And he skipped a couple of notes to say,
"But tell me, wha' do ye hear?"

One of us heard a trumpet sweet,
And the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching men;
And one of us heard the dancing feet
Of fairies down in a dusky glen;
And one of us called it a bird in June,
One, a river that ran and ran.
But he never would tell us the name of his tune,
The funny old bagpipe man!

Nancy Byrd Turner

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The Brown-Eye Tavern (A whimsy)

Allegretto

I'll keep a lit - tle tav - ern Be -
low the high hill's crest Where - in all brown-eyed
people May sit them down and rest.

Price 60 cents

I'll keep a little tavern
Below the high hill's crest
Wherein all brown-eyed people
May sit them down and rest.

There shall be plates a-plenty
And mugs to melt the chill
Of all the brown-eyed people
Who happen up the hill.

There sound will sleep the traveler,
And dream his journey's end;
But I will rise at midnight
The fading fire to tend.

Aye, 'tis a curious fancy
But all the good I know
Was taught me out of two brown eyes,
A many years ago.

I Hear a Thrush at Eve

I hear a thrush at eve, Wild notes upflinging
Twilight and rapture weave Snares for his singing
Yet soars his song afar Seeking his golden star
I hear a thrush at eve Thrilling and singing - singing

So through the dark to thee My song is springing
Throbting with ecstasy Love notes are wonging
Lean from thy bower above Lean forth with eyes of love
For through the dark to thee My heart is springing - singing

^{P.}
Whisperer, tarry a space She waits for thee in the night
^{m.f.} She leans from her casement there With the stars
blooms in her hair ^{P.} And a shadow falls like lace
From the fern-tree over her face. And over her
mantle white. Spirit of air and fire. ^T The To night
my herald be Tell her I love her well And all
that I bid thee, tell. And fold her ever the night.
^{ff} With the strenght of my [>] soul's [>] desire [>] Wind-
wind of the Carib sea.